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HANDEL'S MONUMENT.

## Original Communications.

### NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

POPE, who was no musician, asked Arbuthnot, who was, what he thought of Handel; the reply given was, "Conceive the highest you can of his abilities, and they are much beyond anything you can conceive." The praise which has been bestowed on Handel by his biographers and critics, seems just to be in proportion to their capability of enjoying and comprehending his sublime compositions.

There seems to be no necessary connexion

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between those faculties which constitute a composer of music, and the powers of instrumental performance; on the contrary, the union of them in the same person, in the superlative degree, appears scarcely practicable; nevertheless, in the person of Handel all the perfections of the musical art were concentrated.

"In regard to his performance on the organ," says one of his critics, "the powers of speech are so limited, that it is almost a

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vain attempt to describe it, otherwise than by its effects. A fine and delicate touch, a volent finger, and a ready execution of the most difficult passages, are the praise of inferior artists; they were scarcely noticed in Handel, whose excellences were of a far superior description. His amazing command of the instrument, the fulness of his harmony, the grandeur and dignity of his style, the copiousness of his imagination, and the fertility of his invention, were qualities which absorbed every subordinate attainment.

"When he gave a concerto, his usual method was to introduce it with a voluntary movement on the diapasons, which stole upon the ear in a slow and solemn progression; the harmony close wrought, and as full as could possibly be expressed; the passages concatenated with stupendous art; the whole, at the same time, being perfectly intelligible, and carrying the appearance of great simplicity. This kind of prelude was succeeded by the concerto itself, which he executed with a degree of spirit and firmness that no one ever pretended to equal.

"Such, in general, was the manner of his performance; but who shall describe its effects on his enraptured auditory! Silence, the truest applause, succeeded the instant that he addressed himself to the instrument—silence, so profound, that it checked respiration, and seemed to control the functions of nature, while the magic of his touch kept the attention of his hearers awake only to those enchanting sounds to which it gave utterance."

He was a composer of great majesty and strength; even his elegance partakes of sublimity. From a singer, he requires more legitimate and genuine expression than any other master. In the hands of a common performer, his best pieces are heavy and fatiguing, but when they are heard from one who is alive to his subject, and whose expression is at all equal to the task, they awaken the noblest and best feelings of humanity. They produce a reverential awe for the power which they celebrate, while they elevate the soul into adoration and thanksgiving.

Handel's literary attainments were not very great; his professional studies occupied nearly all his time and attention. He was, however, well acquainted with the Latin and Italian languages. Of English he had knowledge sufficient to render him susceptible of the beauties of our poets; so that, in the multiplicity of his compositions to English words, he seldom stood in need of assistance in the explanation of a passage, for the purpose of suiting the sense with correspondent sounds.

The figure of Handel was large, and his general cast of countenance seemed rather heavy and sour; yet, when animated in conversation, his visage was full of fire and

dignity, and such as impressed the ideas of superiority and genius. The style of his discourse was singular; though he had resided fifty years in England, he pronounced English as the Germans do; but his phrase was exotic, and partook of the idiom of the different countries in which he had travelled, a circumstance which rendered his conversation both laughable and entertaining.

We are told that he had a great appetite, and indulged freely in the luxuries of the table; but he was a man of a large mould, and what would have been a sensual indulgence in most men, was with him, perhaps, merely a necessary stimulant to professional exertion. Upon the whole, he was a man of blameless morals, and throughout life he manifested a deep sense of religion. For several years before his death, he was afflicted with the total loss of his sight by cataract, but his professional ability remained unimpaired till within a few days of his death, which took place on the 14th April, 1759, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He was interred in Westminster Abbey; Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, the Dean, assisted by the choir, performing the funeral solemnity.

Immediately above the place where he was buried, a monument was erected, which was designed and executed by Roubiliac, the last which that artist lived to finish. The figure, but more especially the face, is said to bear a nearer resemblance to the original than any of the portraits which were ever taken of the great composer. The left arm rests upon a group of musical instruments, and the attitude is finely expressive of enraptured attention to an angel playing on a harp in the clouds over his head. Before it lies his "Messiah," with that part open, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The inscription beneath is merely

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, ESQ.,  
BORN FEBRUARY 23RD, 1684,  
DIED APRIL 14TH, 1759.

#### M. ROUBILIAC

Was born at Lyons in 1695; he studied under Balthazar, of Dresden, sculptor to the Elector of Saxony. When he was twenty-five years old he came to London. The occasion of his arrival in the British metropolis is said to be this:—An English traveller happened to be strolling through a town in France, when some clay-sketches of a poetic character, in the humble studio of a nameless young artist, attracted his attention. He took the sculptor's address, but in the meantime pursued his journey. A year or two had passed on, when a friend requested the traveller's advice concerning a monument of value which he proposed to raise. During the discussion that followed concerning the merits of the living artists, the sculptor of Lyons was recalled to memory, and an invitation was given, and

promises of encouragement were held out, and Roubiliac came over. In his adopted country he proved a great reformer in the monumental and historical species of art, by abolishing literal fidelity, and establishing in its stead the poetic personifications of sentiment and feeling.

"Nothing," says Allan Cunningham, "could be more unlike the Gothic monuments which preceded his than the works which were destined to supplant them. The former were stiff, formal, calm, and devout; the latter were all action and flutter, the postures generally violent, and the expression strained; the former were too full of death, and inspired less of devout awe than of aversion and horror—everything about them called up the grave and the canker-worm, while the latter were much too lively and spirited—they talked of the grave only in the inscriptions—they were over-informed with motion—the men seemed all resolved to speak and the women to dance. More life in the one and more sobriety in the other would have been better."

He is also considered by many eminent artists to have been more skilful in single statues than in groups. Flaxman says "he did not know how to combine figures together so as to form an intelligent story." His individual figures, indeed, have many warm admirers, even among those who are best qualified to judge of excellence; among the most eminent of whom is Canova, who, when viewing the monuments in Westminster Abbey, is said to have been struck with the beauty of the statue of Eloquence, one of the figures on the tomb of the Duke of Argyll: he paused before it a considerable time, muttering his surprise and admiration in his own language, and then exclaimed to those around him, "That is one of the noblest statues I have seen in England!"

Roubiliac was a great enthusiast in his profession—one who believed that the maker of a fine statue was the noblest of all God's creatures. He laboured incessantly, but not so much to gain wealth as that his works should be admired by posterity. "His works," says the author of the 'Lives of British Painters and Sculptors,' "though outdone by the productions of Flaxman and Chantrey, have taken a lasting hold of the public admiration. That he is unequal, conceited, constrained in attitude, and too voluminous in his draperies, is true; but what is this to set against the justice and nature which he often exhibits, and the noble ardour of sentiment which animates those great works on which his reputation is mainly built? He spared no labour, was not afraid of strong reliefs, of deep and difficult folds and sinkings, and of attitudes which ate much marble and consumed much time in executing. If he has little

sedate beauty or tranquil thought, he has much elegance of action; and if he sometimes sacrificed nature and simplicity, he atoned for it by poetic energy. He dealt largely in abstract ideas, nor did he always use them wisely." But let those who are desirous of eminence in the difficult art of working marble till it looks like human flesh and raiment, study the heads and draperies of Roubiliac. He died on the 11th of January, 1762, and was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.

### CONCATENATION OF LETTERS IN WELSH POETRY.

THE rigorous bardic metres amount to twenty-four in number, and are all distinguished by a peculiar alliteration of consonants, of which no other language in the world but the Welsh is thoroughly susceptible. It consists in making all the consonants in one hemistich of a verse correspond exactly to those in the other hemistich, while, at the same time, the terminal rhyme is maintained with the utmost rigour not only in sound, but also in orthography. An example of this species of versification may be seen in the following *englyn*—

Agor dy drysor, dod ran—trwy gallwedd.

Tra gelych i'r truan;

Gwell ryw awr goll i'r arian

Na chau'r gôd a nychu'r gwan.

(Open thy treasure, give a portion through wisdom while thou art able to the wretched; better at any hour to lose the money, than to close the purse and starve the impotent.)

We observe, in the first place, an exact correspondence of rhyme in all the four lines of this quadruplet. We perceive in the first line that *dyrsor* rhymes with *agor*, being in accordance with the law of the metre, which demands either a rhyme of this sort, or a regular concatenation of consonants, as in the three following lines. We have, moreover, in this line, the consonants in *dy dr*, corresponding exactly with those in *dod r*, which is also required by the law of the metre. The separate hemistich, *trwy gallwedd*, rules the first hemistich of the following line, so that the letters in *tra gell* are made to alliterate with those in *trwy gall*. The other hemistich of the second line is independent of the law of alliteration, being subject only to the terminal rhyme. In the third line, the consonants in *gwell ryw* correspond exactly with those in *goll i'r*; and, in like manner, in the fourth line, the consonants in *na chau'r* g, alliterate with those in *nychu'r* g. The extreme rigour of the law extends, moreover, to the terminal letters of the several hemistichs in each line, which it requires to be different. Thus, in the fourth line—the first hemistich ends in *d*, and the second, in *n*. Had the first hemistich terminated in *n*, the verse

would have been incorrect. From this analysis, it will be easily perceived that no other European language, ancient or modern, is capable of such wonderful metrical nicety; and yet the example here given includes far less difficulties than many of the other bardic metres. To compose a lengthened poem in any or all of these metres without violating the laws of rhyme and alliteration is, certainly, a task beyond the power of every ordinary cobbler; but those who are tolerably acquainted with the poetical diction of the language, find but little trouble in flinging off a dozen or two of *englynion* extempore, with the most perfect adherence to the rules, as if they were merely subject to the terminal rhymes of other languages. Sometimes the law is carried to such extremity that only one kind of consonant is admitted throughout the whole verse. The following is an example of this sort:—

Oer yw yr eira ar Eryri.

(Cold is the snow upon Eryri, Snowdon.)

Here we have *oer yw yr eir* corresponding to *ar Eryri*, and, in both hemistichs, only one consonant, *r*, is found. It must be acknowledged, when this kind of tautologous alliteration is enforced, the difficulty of versification becomes very considerably increased, and almost insurmountable in any extent of composition. It is, however, common enough to strike off a few distichs in a style of this description. The power of the language may be stretched within certain limits, even to a few verses consisting entirely of vowels. The following is an example of this kind of exclusive vocalization—

O wiw a w a t i a u a,  
Ei wayw a l wae yw y i a.

(Who from a pleasant breeze passes into winter, his colic and his misery is the ice.) We may safely assert that no other language on earth possesses a similar capability. The Welsh is often charged with having a superabundance of consonants, and the accusation is certainly just, as far as the orthography is concerned. But it should be remembered, that this is chiefly owing to the modern substitution of the Roman alphabet instead of the ancient Celtic characters, whereby many simple sounds are improperly represented by double letters. Thus,—*ch, dd, ff, ll, ph, th*, have all of them simple sounds in pronunciation, though they are double in orthography. A similar imperfection is observable in the English. The only modern language which carefully assimilates orthoepy to euphony, by neglecting all superfluous consonants, is the Italian. The Welsh is also declared to be particularly harsh in pronunciation. But it is impossible that it can be harsher than the Greek, the German, the Spanish, and the

Tuscan Italian; for each of these languages abounds with the guttural sound of *ch*, which in England and France is considered objectionable. It contains, indeed, the gingival, *ll*, which seems to be peculiar to itself, and not to be found in any other language in the world. This, however, does not differ materially from the Spanish *ll*, and the pronunciation of it is certainly very far from being difficult or disagreeable. It is possible enough to heap together designedly a mass of gutturals which would almost make the enunciation appear to proceed from the throat of a croaking raven, as may be seen in the following example:—*Hwch a whech o berehyll eochion brychion bach*, (a sow with six little red-spotted pigs.) But, on the other hand, it is equally possible to select a multitude of phrases as soft and melodious as can be found in any other dialect, ancient or modern. The following beautiful distich on the harp can hardly be surpassed in any language—

Mae mil o leisiau melusion  
A mē ohyd ymmola hon.

(There are thousands of sweet sounds and honey perpetually in the belly of this.)

DRUID.

## THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

(From the German of Bürger.)

I or an emperor am about to tell,  
And of an abbot I shall speak as well:  
Plain was the emperor—homely in his way,—  
The abbot would his mighty lore display;  
But still, alas! tho' learned he might be,  
'Tis said his shepherd wiser was than he.

So active was the emperor, and bold,  
Nor heeded summer's heat nor winter's cold;  
Within his tent would oft in armour lie,  
Of water fresh had oft a short supply;  
Hunger and thirst, those piercing thorns, he bore,—  
Black bread and sausage was his scanty store.

Not so the priestling, for he better knew  
The art of living well, and lusty grew;  
His table was with viands richly spread,  
His rest he took upon a costly bed;  
Like the full moon his face, so fat the man,  
Three sturdy clowns could ne'er his belly span.

Piqued at the priestling was the emperor,—  
Like this his wrath had ne'er been stirr'd before:  
Now, as he pass'd, beneath a burning sky,  
The little abbot there he chanc'd to spy,  
'Midst pleasures (such as many an abbot loves)  
Basking at ease beneath his shady groves.

"Well," thought the emperor, "now's the happy hour,—

(He us'd the softest language in his pow'r,)  
"Good day, kind father, how's your health?" he said,

(And many a winning compliment he paid;)

"Right well you seem, and I am well aware  
That pray'r and fasting don't your health impair.

"Methinks full many a burden'd hour you know,  
And pleas'd you'd be some little job to do;  
If all be true, what oft the many say,  
You are by far the keenest of your day;  
So fine your senses, well enough we know  
By you the springing grass is heard to grow!

Now for your jaws, since you're so nice a knack,  
At once three noble nuts I give to crack;  
Three months or moons the space of I propose  
To solve these problems, which as each one knows,  
You well can do, as you so oft have done,  
And for your answer I'll return anon.

"First, then, I ask that you will quickly say  
My sterling value when in rich array,—  
When I upon my throne in glory sit,  
With such attendance as is there most fit;  
This sum I now request you'll rightly shew,  
For to the very farthing I must know.

"And now, good sir, the second thing I ask,  
(To you so learned 'tis an easy task.)  
How long round this our world, which is so wide,  
On my bold prancing steed 'twould take to ride?  
Nor more nor less, but to a minute say,  
To you as easy as mere children's play.

"Thirdly, O prince of prelates, (nothing less,)  
You to a shade will please my thoughts to guess;  
Then I to you will faithfully declare  
These hidden thoughts of mine, what'er they are;  
But yet, however strange it seem to you,  
Of these not e'en a tittle shall be true.

"But if these questions you shall fail to solve,  
To you be't known—this is my firm resolve—  
That you your abassy shall cease to enjoy,  
And for my shame I'll other means employ;  
To make you mount an ass I will not fail,  
And for a bridle you shall use his tail."

Off went the emperor, pleased enough to find  
That he had thus succeeded to his mind,  
While the poor priest was rack'd with mental pain,  
That he his rights no longer should retain;  
In sorer plight no mortal man could be,—  
No wretched culprit e'er was rack'd as he.

Then to the schools he sent,—one, two, three,  
four,—  
To men as many, versed in ancient lore;  
All fees and perquisites he gladly paid,  
Yet none, alas! presented for his aid;  
He sought in vain, 'twas all in vain to ask—  
No learned doctor could perform the task.

Like a swift arrow rapid Time roll'd on,  
So soon the hours, the days, the weeks, were gone;  
Nay months, so fleet is time, were quickly past;  
The great decisive hour approached at last—  
Alas! poor man, for as it nearer grew,  
Sad spectres oft before his eye-balls flew.

Pale with despair, in agonizing thought,  
The wretched man the lonely desert sought;  
And as thro' dreary wilds he chanc'd to stray,  
Wand'ring about by many a devious way,  
His shepherd there, Hans Benedick, he spy'd,  
Feeding his flocks upon a mountain's side.

"What ails thee, father," cried Hans Benedick,  
"So sad you seem—how long have you been sick?"  
(Shock'd was the shepherd such a sight to see.)  
"To a mere shadow you're reduced," said he:  
"Alas! Oh say, what robs you of your rest;  
Methinks some demon agitates your breast."

"Know then, good Benedick," the priest replied,  
"A sad o'erwhelming fate does me betide.  
The envious emperor all his pow'r employs,  
And would at once deprive me of my joys—  
Three questions he propounds, so hard and dry,  
To which Beelzebub could scarce reply.

"First, then, he asks that I will shortly say  
His sterling value when in rich array,—  
When he upon his throne in glory sits,  
With such attendance as his state befits;—  
This sum he now requests I'll rightly shew,  
And to the very farthing he must know.

"The second thing that he requests of me  
(A question difficult, as you shall see,)  
How long around the world, that is so wide,  
On his bold prancing steed 'twould take to ride;—  
Just to a minute I am bound to say,—  
To me, he says, no more than children's play.

"Thirdly, O wretched prelate that I am!  
He asks that I his very thoughts should name;  
And that I should most faithfully declare  
Those hidden thoughts to him, what'er they are;  
But yet, however strange it seem to you,  
Of these not e'en a tittle shall be true.

"But if these questions I shall fail to solve,  
To you be't known, this is his firm resolve,—  
That I my abassy shall cease to enjoy,  
And for my shame he'll other means employ;  
To make me mount an ass he will not fail,  
And for a bridle I must hold his tail."

"He asks no more?" Hans Benedick replied,  
(And did the task most heartily deride.)  
"No longer fret—no more disturb your pate,  
Leave all to me, I'll set the matter straight;  
Your cap, your cross, your cowl, to me you'll lend,  
I to these questions soon will put an end.

"Little of Latin do I understand,  
Yet from the kennel can my dog command;  
What by the learned is for money gain'd,  
By me, a clown, was easily obtain'd;  
And be it known, your honour, all I know  
I to my poor unlettered mother owe."

Now like a playful goat the abbot skipt,  
Hoping to see Hans Benedick equipt;  
The cap, the cross, the mantle and the cape,  
Were quickly brought and suited to his shape;  
Thus richly deckt, he, like an abbot gay,  
Straight to the courtly emperor made his way.

(To be continued.)

## ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from page 195.)

It is probable that the Chinese were the first to apply silk to useful purposes; as the silk-moth (*bombyx mori*), whose caterpillar is objectionably called the silk-worm, is a native of their country. They say that they first began to use it some thousands of years before the birth of Christ. In the time of the Tsin and Han dynasties, letters were written upon silk cloth; and hence the characters for silk and cloth are component parts of the characters indicative of paper. In the time of Ho Te (A.D. 100), Isaac Lun began to take old silk of different kinds—fishing-nets, and hemp, and the bark of trees,—and boil them to rags to make paper of them; and which was used throughout the whole of the empire. Mr. Reeves states, that in some parts of China, silk-worms' cocoons are used for the same purpose.\* The culture of the silk-worm, passing through the intermediate nations,

\* In 1801, appeared an octavo volume, entitled *Historical Account of the Substances which have been used to Describe Events, and to convey Ideas from the Earliest Date to the Invention of Paper*; by M. Koop. The volume is printed on paper made entirely of straw; and has an appendix on paper made of wood.

was received from the Chinese, by the Persians; and the Greeks learnt its use from the latter, in the war of Alexander; but not the modes of producing and preparing it. Virgil is the earliest Roman writer who is thought to allude to the production of silk in China; and, if he really does so, the terms he employs shew how little was then known at Rome of the real nature of the article:—

"Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia seras."  
(*Georgica*, lib. ii. l. 121.)

But, as Macculloch observes, it may be doubted whether Virgil does not in this line refer to cotton rather than to silk.\* When the rest of the arts passed from the Greeks to the Romans, they received that of manufacturing silk likewise, in the imperfect state in which Greece then possessed it. The high price of silk among the ancients may be conceived from the fact of the Emperor Aurelian having refused to purchase for his wife a robe of purple silk, because it would cost more than twice its weight in gold. Possibly, however, the circumstance of its being purple, enhanced its value greatly. Lyman contends, that the first naturalization of the silk-worm in Europe was effected in the time of Justinian, who, seeing that much money went annually out of his dominions to the Persians for this article, sent, in the year 533, two agents into the country to learn the art of preparing silk, and to bring back the silk moths; but these insects dying upon their journey, his first attempts were frustrated. He sent other persons, however, who returned with the insects' eggs. At first, the success of the experiment was retarded by so many obstacles, that the culture of silk was not introduced to Sicily till the year 1130, in the reign of Ruger, who afterwards introduced it to his newly-acquired kingdom of Naples; from whence it was adopted in Italy, Spain, France, and Prussia.† In Europe, indeed, a great deal has been done towards improving the tending of silk-worms; and it is said that M. Hoffmann, of Munich, has successfully pursued a mode of managing them, whereby

\* Macculloch's *Dictionary of Commerce*, article Silk. See, also, a note to Stowell's *Translation of the Georgics* (London, 1808), p. 364.

† Other writers give the following account of the introduction of the culture of silk to Europe:—Two Christian missionaries of the sixth century having travelled into China, beheld, with surprise, the common dress of the people, and the myriads of insects that supply the material for the manufacturer. On returning to Europe, they mentioned these circumstances; and, stimulated by the offer of a large reward, they revisited China, where they contrived to possess themselves of a quantity of the silk-moth's eggs, which they concealed in a hollow cane, and brought safely to Constantinople in the year 552. From the produce of these eggs, it is said, have emanated all the silk-worms now found in almost every country of Western Asia and the South of Europe.

he increases the thickness of the most valuable layer of silk on the cocoon. The French commenced the culture of silk in their own country about two centuries and a half ago; and more recently they have succeeded in the culture of them on trees exposed to the weather. In April, 1761, a French cultivator placed twelve hundred silk-worms, just past their first moulting, on some espalier mulberry-trees, and let them remain there exposed to the season, which was very cold in the beginning, and afterwards very stormy. They neither suffered, however, from cold, wind, rain, heat, thunder, nor were they attacked by any disorders; and it did not appear that the birds destroyed many of them. Five hundred and fifty cocoons, weighing two pounds and a half, Lyons' measure, yielded about three ounces of the finest silk ever obtained in France; only one cocoon was faulty, but none double, so that the operation requisite to wind off the silk was not attended with any waste. This method, therefore, appeared on calculation more advantageous, in regard both to the quantity and the quality of the silk obtained by it, than that usually followed of feeding them within doors.\* In 1838, Mr. Beck, coach-maker, of Dumfries, in Scotland, had several silk-worms living, well and active, on the branches of a mulberry tree growing in Terraugty Wood.† About three years ago, Mr. William Felkin procured the eggs of the silk-moth from Italy, and hatched and nurtured about ten thousand caterpillars in a warehouse in the centre of the town of Nottingham, keeping the temperature of the room low, at seventy, or not more than seventy-five degrees. Some of them he fed at first upon lettuce leaves, the others entirely on mulberry leaves. None of them spun till eight weeks old, but those originally fed on lettuce did not spin until those fed entirely on mulberry leaves had done spinning, the latter setting about it three weeks before the former. Contrasted with some of the same year's produce received from Milan, Mr. Felkin's cocoons were but slightly inferior in size, weight, or compactness. They weighed at the rate of three hundred to a pound, being lighter than those of France or Italy, the best of which weigh two hundred and fifty to the pound. Mr. Felkin's experiments satisfactorily proved that silk of the best quality can, with proper skill and attention, be produced in England.‡ Whether it could be profitably pursued in England, or even in Ireland, is, however, doubtful, the cost of labour and of

\* See *Memoires du Trevous*, of Sept. 1762; or *Annual Register* (1762), p. 90.

† *Dumfries Courier*, July, 1838.

‡ Mr. Heathcote, of Tiverton, made some silk net from Mr. Felkin's raw material, which was found to answer extremely well.



land being probably too high in both countries to compete with the present suppliers of the silk market; but that it could be profitably conducted in the West Indies, and in our new colonies in the Pacific, is unquestionable. He asserts, that in Hindoostan\* the cultivation of silk might be greatly improved in quality, and indefinitely increased in quantity, by proper enterprise and attention. Labour is there cheaper than anywhere else, and there is plenty of unoccupied and waste land perfectly suitable for the mulberry; so that if, instead of the cultivation of the silk being, as at present, confined to the marshy delta of the Ganges, the superior kinds of silk-worms and mulberry-trees (so long grown in the south of Europe; and recently in the United States of North America) were introduced into the more elevated and even mountainous parts of Hindoostan, &c., the whole world might be supplied with raw silk from India at half its existing cost,—which cost is now augmented by the demand greatly exceeding the supply, so much so as to have compelled us to pay four, instead of only three millions sterling a-year, during the last four years, for the same weight of material, and thus greatly to limit the extent, and even to risk the safety, of the silk manufacture itself.† In both North and South America the culture of silk is carried on to some extent. In 1840, Mr. Rhegni had four hundred thousand mulberry-trees growing in his silk grounds at Germantown, near Philadelphia, and on which he fed, during that year, two million silk worms. He was then about planting sixty more acres, and calculated on feeding fifteen million silk-worms in two years from that time.

(To be continued.)

\* A Report on the Culture and Manufacture of Silk in India, was published in London, in 1836.

† For a long account of Mr. Felkin's experiments, see the *Gardener's Gazette* of September 28, 1839.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

### No. II.

#### THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

The painter of this beautiful *tableau*—Rembrandt, was the son of a miller, and born in 1606, at a village near Leyden. His real name was Gerritz, but on account of his spending the youthful part of his life on the banks of the Rhine, he obtained that of Van Rhin. His talent first displayed itself under his tutor, Jacob Van Zwanenburg, who was astonished and delighted with the works of his pupil. He afterwards became a scholar of Jacob Pinas, from whom, it is believed, he acquired a taste for that which he afterwards so happily cultivated—the strong contrasts of light and shade. Nature—the book in which genius

breathes and lives—became his study; and this is accountable for the truth and life which characterized his paintings. The incident that laid the foundation of the artist's fame and fortune was his taking, by the advice of a friend, his first performance to the Hague, where a dealer in pictures gave him a hundred florins for it. His style of painting in his younger days differed much from that of his more mature years. His early performances were neat and highly finished; afterwards, they assumed a strong and bold style of colouring. The invention of Rembrandt was fertile, and his imagination lively and active; but his composition, notwithstanding its remarkable strength of expression, is to a degree destitute of grandeur. His colouring is surprising, and his carnations are as true, fresh, and perfect, as those of Titian, with the difference, that the works of the latter will bear close inspection, while those of the former must, for effect, be viewed at a distance. His portraits are confessedly excellent, but, from his close study of nature, they want grace and dignity in the airs and attitudes: they are admirable, however, with respect to likeness and the appearance of life. Many of his heads display such a minute exactness as to shew the hairs of the beard, and the wrinkles of age; yet, when viewed at a distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his maid-servant, which was placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, is said to have deceived the passengers for several days. He died at Amsterdam in 1674.

This beautiful production—"The Adoration of the Shepherds," is painted with that freedom of touch which characterizes the greater number of the works of this artist. The subject of the picture is the Divine Advent: "This shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger." The costume may not be that of Bethlehem, but there is a rusticity about this representation which is in perfect accordance with the scriptural records. The birth of the holy infant has taken place in a stable, and the pastoral group, having listened to the announcement of the angel, are entering. To shew that the event took place at night, an old shepherd brings a lantern with him. This, however, only acts as a secondary light in the picture, the principal one emanating from the new-born infant, which falls upon Joseph, Mary, and

a group of admiring rustics. An old shepherd, whose crook leans against his arm, is holding up his hands in devotion; and another, whose back is turned towards the spectators, is worshipping the newly-revealed deity.

This picture, which embraces so much of

the effects of the *chiaro-scuro* for which Rembrandt is so justly celebrated, and which is admirably adapted to the talents of this distinguished artist, cannot fail to excite the admiration of every lover of the works of art—of all who admire nature represented in its true and simple form.



THE ALLEGORY OF THE SHEPHERDS

## Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

### "THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

#### LETTER X.

COLOGNE.—THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.—  
ANDERNACH.

August 11.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am angry with myself. I passed through Cologne as a fool would, having remained there only forty-eight hours. At first I purposed staying a fortnight, but the rain, wind, and fog, which were in abundance for the last four days, gave way to a sun which, shedding in beauty its rays upon the scenery of the Rhine, induced me to embrace the opportunity of seeing this classic stream in all its

riches, in all its loveliness, and with all its charms. I left Cologne this morning, left the city of Agrippa behind me, without seeing either the old pictures of Saint-Marie-au-Capitole, or the Crucifixion of St. Peter, painted by Rubens for the church in which he was baptized, or the bones of the ten thousand virgins in the cloisters of Urse-lines, or the silver sarcophagus of St. Cuniberti, or the tomb of Duns Scotus, or the sepulchre of the empress Theophanie, wife of Otho II., in the church of Saint Pantaleon. In fact, the cathedral and the Hotel de Ville were all that I saw.

The sun had set when we reached Cologne. I gave my luggage in charge of a porter, with orders to carry it to an hotel at Dnez, which is a little town on the other side of the Rhine, and is joined to Cologne by a bridge of boats, and then directed my steps towards the cathedral. I, rather than ask my way, wandered up and down the narrow streets, which night had all but



obsoured. At last I entered a gateway leading to a court, and came out on an open square,—dark and deserted.

A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me, in the fantastic light of a *crepusculaire* sky, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses, an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little further was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher, a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, and having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. At length I discovered that I was standing before the cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from the high tower, whispers, as it were, to the passers by, that this unfinished temple shall some day be completed; that the trunk of a belfry, and the church, so widely apart at present, shall ere long, be united; that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which became an edifice under Conrad de Hochsteden, shall, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world; that this incomplete *Iliad* sees Homers in futurity.

The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples and was startled at their dimensions. What I had taken for towers were the projections of the buttresses. Though only the first story is completed, the building is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side. It has always struck me that there is nothing that so much resembles ruins as unfinished edifices. Briers, saxifrages, and pellitories; indeed, all plants which fix their roots between the stones and at the base of old buildings, have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the façade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighbouring window cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues,—angels and saints, with a large open book before them, reading or preaching. Admirable prologue for a church, which is nothing else than the *Word* made marble, brass, or stone. The simple, yet curious masonry of the swallows, contrasted strangely with the architecture of the building.

Such was my first visit to the cathedral of Cologne.

But I have told you nothing of the road betwixt Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. In fact, very little can be said; a green plain, with an occasional oak, and a few poplar

trees. In the villages, the old female peasants, enveloped in long mantles, walk about like a number of spectres, while the young ones, clothed in short *jupons*, are observable, if not walking, in a position equally interesting—on their knees, washing the door-steps. As for the men, they are decorated with a blue *sarrau*, and a tromblon hat, as if they were the peasants of a constitutional country.

Scarcely a single person was seen on the road; the rain, perhaps, was the cause. A poor strolling musician passed, a stick in one hand, and his cornet-a-piston in the other, clothed in a blue coat, a fancy waistcoat, and white trousers, with the bottom turned up as high as the legs of his boots. The *pauvre diable*, from the knees upwards, was fitted out for a ball: his lower extremities, however, were better suited for the road. In a little square village, in front of an *auberge*, I admired four jolly-looking travellers seated before a table, loaded with flesh, fish, and wines. One was drinking, another cutting, a third biting, a fourth devouring, like four personifications of voraciousness and gourmandism. It seemed to me as if I beheld the gods Goulu, Glouton, Goinfre, and Gouliat, seated round a mountain of eatables.

The following morning I again visited the dome of Cologne. I examined the windows of this magnificent edifice, which are of the time of Maximilian, and painted with all the extravagance of the German Renaissance. On one of them is a representation of the genealogy of the Holy Virgin. At the bottom of the painting, Adam, in the costume of an emperor, is lying upon his back. A large tree, which fills the whole pane, is growing out of his *ventre*, and on the branches appear all the crowned ancestors of Mary—David playing the harp, Solomon in pensiveness, and at the top of the tree, a flower opens and discloses the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus.

A few steps further on I read this epitaph, which breathes sorrow and resignation:—

"INCLITVS ANTE FVCI COMES ENVIVDA,  
VOCITATVS, HIC NICK PROSTRATVS, SIBI  
TEGOR VT VOLVI. FRISHEN, SANCTE,  
MEVN FERO, PETRE, TIBI COMITATVN  
ET MIHI REDDE STATVN, TX PRECOR,  
ETHEREVN HEC. LAPIDVN MASSA  
COMITIS COMPLEKITVR OSSA."

I entered the church, and was struck with the *chœur*. There are pictures of all epochs and of all forms; innumerable marble statues of bishops; chevaliers of the time of the crusades, with their dogs rubbing themselves lovingly against their feet; apostles clothed in golden robes; and tapestries painted from the designs of Rubens. Everything, it must be said, is shamefully demolished. If some one constructed the exterior

of the Cathedral of Cologne, I do not know who has demolished the interior. There is not a tomb entire, the figures being either broken off or mutilated. The flies revel on the venerable face of the Archbishop Philip of Heinsburg; and the man called Conrad of Hachsteten, who was the founder of this church, cannot at present crush the spiders that knit him, as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, to the ground. Alas! the bronze arm is nothing to the arm of flesh. I observed, in an obscure corner, the dismantled statue of an old man with a long beard; I believe it is that of Michael Angelo.

I omitted, till now, to mention the most venerable construction which this church contains—that of the famed tomb of the three wise men of the east.



The room is of marble, is rather large, and represents the styles of architecture of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth. On raising our eyes, we perceive a *bas relief* representing the adoration of the three kings, and underneath the inscription:—

"Corpora sanctorum recubant hic terna  
magorum,  
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatum."

This, then, is the resting-place of the three poetic kings of the east. I assure you there is no legend that pleases me so much as this of the *Mille et Une Nuits*. I approached the tomb, and perceived, in the shade, a massive *reliquaire*, sparkling with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones, which seemed to relate the history of these three kings, *ab oriente venerunt*. In front of the tomb are three lamps, the one bearing the name of Gaspar, the other Melchior, and the third Balthazar. It is an ingenious idea to have—somehow illuminated—the names of the three wise men in front of the sepulchre.

On leaving, something pierced the sole of my boot. I looked downwards, and found that it was a large nail projecting from a square of black marble, upon which I was walking. After examining the stone, I remembered that Mary of Medicis had desired that her heart should be placed under the pavement of the Cathedral of Cologne, and before the tomb of the three kings. Formerly a bronze or brass plate, with an inscription, covered it, but when the French occupied Cologne, some revolutionist, or perhaps a rapacious brazier, seized it, as

had been done to many others; for a host of brass nails, projecting from the marble, bespeak depredations of a similar nature. Alas, poor queen! She first saw herself effaced from the heart of Louis the Thirteenth; her son, then from the remembrance of Richelieu, her creature, and now she is effaced from the earth.

How strange are the fantasies of destiny! Mary de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., exiled and abandoned, had a daughter, Henriette, widow of Charles the First, who died at Cologne in 1642, in the house where, sixty-five years before, Rubens, her painter, was born.

The dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call *la grandeur crepusculaire*, that the evening lends to huge objects; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, and also unfinished, is not inferior, either in size or in details, to the cathedral of Cologne.

The Hotel de Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all the styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which those edifices have been built forms rather an interesting study. Nothing is regular, no fixed plan has been drawn out, all has been built as necessity required.

Thus the Hotel de Ville, which has, probably, some Roman cave near its foundation, was, in 1250, only a building similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night-watchman, and in order to sound the alarm a steeple was required, and in the fourteenth century a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the bishops of Cologne deeming it essential to dress their city-house in new raiments, engaged from Italy an architect, a pupil, most probably, of old Michael Angelo, and from France a sculptor, a friend of young Jean Gujon, who adjusted upon the blackened façade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired, and they stood sadly in want of a *promenoir* by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and *bas-reliefs*. These I had the pleasure of seeing; but, in a few years, no person will have the same gratification, for, without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruins. At last, under Charles the Fifth, a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. Thus a *corps* of the thirteenth century, a belfry of the fourteenth, a porch and backcourt of the time of Maximilian, and a hall of

that of Charles the Fifth, linked together in an original and pleasing manner, form the Hotel-de Ville of Cologne.

I went up to the belfry, and under a gloomy sky, which harmonized with the edifice and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

Cologne upon the Rhine, like Rouen upon the Seine, Anvers upon the Escaut—in fact, like all towns through which a large current of water flows,—has the appearance of an arch, the river forming the line.

From Thurmehen to Bayenthurme, the town, which is built, for upwards of a league, on the banks of the river, displays a whole host of windows and façades. In the midst of roofs, turrets, and gables, the summits of twenty-four churches strike the eye, all of different styles, and each church, from its grandeur, worthy of the name of cathedral. If we examine the town *en detail*, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered with sails. Herp and there clumps of trees caress, as it were, the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit, and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieves the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town—mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river—is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the north-east by historic *croupes*—that wonderful nest of legends and traditions, called the “Seven Mountains.” Thus Holland and its commerce, Germany and its poetry—like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal—shed their beams upon the horizon of Cologne; a city, in itself, one of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry, I stopped in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Cæsar; the second to Augustus, the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justine, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the façade, the poetic sculptor has chased three *bas reliefs*, representing the three lion-combatants, Milo, of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed Milon de Crotone, who attacks the lion by strength of body; and Daniel, who subdues the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin le Bref, who attacks the ferocious beast with that mixture of moral and phy-

sical strength which makes the soldier. Betwixt pure strength and pure thought is courage; betwixt the athletic and the prophet—the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion. The animal stands, its claws open, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant; he attacks it bravely, and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo de Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. It is blind presumption, which has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three *bas reliefs* contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is nature which avenges itself of the man, whose only faith is in brute force.

(To be continued.)

### New Books.

*Popularity, and The Destinies of Woman.*  
By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson. 2 vols.  
Post 8vo.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE, the subject of these tales, have been the theme of story-tellers ever since man was able to give expression to the feelings of his heart, and it is likely they will continue to be so, as long as human nature remains the same. There is danger, however, in an author who ventures upon this often-repeated and never-ending subject to tire his reader by drowsy commonplace, which he will invariably do, unless he narrates with liveliness, discovers tact in the management of his plot, and, above all, shews by his portraiture of character that he has observed and judged of man for himself and not through the medium of others. We think the above volumes give evidence that the author possesses a considerable share of these attributes. With characters that may be found every day in the fashionable world, Mrs. Wilson manages to interest the reader in their fortunes. In laying open the heart of the coquette she displays some subtlety in detecting the motives of her contradictory conduct. We recommend these volumes, especially to the young of the gentler sex, who will not only be amused, but may rise from the perusal with impressions that may be of use in after life.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE EARL OF MUNSTER.

ORIENTAL literature has suffered a severe loss by the death of this lamented nobleman, who for nearly twenty years has

been honourably distinguished by his labours in that extensive but neglected field, and his great zeal in facilitating the labours of others. During a brief period of military service in India, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic languages, and acquired considerable proficiency in each. He sought in these pursuits not the mere gratification of literary curiosity, but the means of understanding the intellectual and moral character of Eastern races, and particularly of those that are subject to British sway in India. Having been chosen; in 1818, to bring home the despatches announcing the termination of the Mahratta war, he travelled by the overland route, which was then rarely frequented, and published an account of his journey. He was soon after elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Asiatic Society; and from that hour his attention to the varied objects of that institution was unremitting; and his personal exertions were the means of procuring much important information on the geography, statistics, and natural productions of India. Of the Oriental Translation Committee he was a still more zealous and active member; he was the chief agent in uniting the continental with the British scholars, in procuring the translation of the most valuable Oriental works, and, during several visits to France and Germany, he had the chief share in removing the prejudices and jealousies which Schlegel's angry pamphlet had very extensively diffused. To the Earl of Munster must mainly be attributed the gratifying fact, that the annals of literature can exhibit no parallel to the unity, harmony, and co-operative zeal now manifested by the oriental scholars throughout Europe. He took an active part in the formation of the society for the publication of Oriental texts, and in organizing an association to procure information respecting the geography of the countries south of Egypt; but he was still more anxiously engaged in collecting materials for a Military History of the Mohammedan Nations, from the age of their Prophet to the present day. To this task he devoted several years of labour, and collected a mass of valuable materials, procured with great toil and cost, which we trust will not be permitted to be again dispersed. We are not aware that any progress was made in the actual composition of this work, but the circular which his lordship addressed to the chief Orientalists of Europe on the subject (see "Athenæum," No. 663,) excited great attention, and raised high hopes, which have been frustrated by his premature death.

His lordship was always anxious to afford any aid or information in his power to those whose literary inquiries led them directly or incidentally to Oriental researches.

It was his favourite maxim that eastern learning ought to be brought within the pale of general literature, and rendered as accessible as possible to every class of readers. His death will be severely felt by the Asiatic Society and the literary committees connected with it, and he will be sincerely lamented by every orientalist in Europe.—*Athenæum*.

#### BREAD AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

Nothing is more false than to suppose that what is called fine white bread is better than the bread made of good wheat, ground into flour without abstracting from it the digestive principle contained in what is termed the husk, or skin. Nothing is more wholesome or so easy of digestion as this natural pure bread, when made of wheat of proper quality; and though the colour is more homely, still the taste is much superior to that of white bread.

It is a fact we have proved ourselves, by positive experience, that a less quantity of good brown bread will satisfy the stomach than of white, though some imagine that the white farina is alone the principle of nutriment, and that the husks or skin of grain is useless: and this fact is certainly important, as a branch of "useful knowledge," when so many of our poorer fellow-beings are suffering from privation. Persons who live temperately and eat good brown bread are never troubled with indigestion; they are never forced to swallow pills and drugs to keep them in good health; nor is it necessary to eat more than a few ounces, daily, of brown bread to regulate digestion; and yet so powerful are habits and the false ideas of refinement, that we hardly hope to see the day when good brown bread will be as much preferred as white unwholesome bread is now, though health would be as certain amongst temperate persons then as indigestion and pill doctors are at present in society.

Another great advantage in the use of good brown bread would be, that much less stimulant food of other kinds, and drink, would be required to satisfy the wants of nature. Half the quantity of flesh meat, with brown bread, will give as much real nourishment to the system as twice the quantity with white emaculated bread; so that health is married to economy in using bread as God has made it, of a compound nature, rather than according to our false ideas of refinement in dividing that which God has, in his wisdom, thus united. The stomach is so much oppressed by heavy simple bread, that double quantities of stimulants are necessary to relieve it from the burden, as a double quantity of labour is required to render clay as loose

and genial to the growth of plants as mixed and sandy soils. In fact, we might enumerate a great variety of natural analogies to illustrate the difference between the healthy properties of good brown bread and the unhealthy concentration or emasculation of white bread, exclusively composed of nutritive farina, without that necessary adjunct for digestion which has been allied to it by nature. We will conclude, however, by observing, that since we ourselves have been accustomed to prefer brown bread to white, we find, from positive experience, that a much less quantity of animal food, with hardly any wine or stimulant drink, suffices for our daily use, than when we eat white bread from habit and without attending to its properties. This is a fact, a very simple fact, of "useful knowledge," but of great importance with regard to health.

Oatmeal bread, in small quantities, is also very wholesome, but very small quantities should be used at first, as it is apt to generate acidity on weakly stomachs. Brown bread should also be used sparingly at first, until the palate and the stomach, which have been depraved by the use of white bread, become accustomed to the change.

In many parts of Europe the poor labouring people live entirely on common vegetable food, and are strong and healthy; and if plentiful varieties of vegetable food, of proper quality, were introduced to common use in other classes, with the best advantages of culinary art, we feel assured that health would be more general, and that the use of stimulants and animal food might be dispensed with to a certain extent, if not entirely. And that would be a great source of health, for half the illness now incurred arises from the use of harassed and diseased animal food, impure stimulants, and other dietary mixtures and unwholesome combinations, which are tolerated from long habit and false notions of refinement.—*Phalanx*.

### THE PROUD LADY.

A CHAPTER FROM THE CHRONICLES OF  
ADLERSBERG.

(Concluded from p. 207.)

SHORT time was father Cyril thence. He won back speedily to the side of the Lady Ermengarde (still smiling faintly in her sleep;) and, made rough and hasty by the sure knowledge of instant peril, he seized her chill, pale hands, and raised her suddenly from the chair.

"Waken, poor maiden! Waken! All is lost! our last hope is gone!"

"What is this?" responded that sad lady, scarcely aroused from her pleasant dreams to the sense of present danger: "Gertrude! Oswald! where be ye? Lily-

bell not yet saddled? We ride forth to-day." But her words ceased on a sudden, for she read in the flashing eye, the quivering lip, and the changed bearing of the old man, well nigh distraught with fear and anger, that somewhat terrible had chanced; albeit, her wildest fantasy had pictured nought so terrible as his tidings.

"They have deserted us, vassal and menial, groom and man-at-arms. The page that served the cup in the hall, the tire-woman that decked thee for the banquet, all have forsaken us! Nay, that maketh but a portion of their treason. The defences of this thy place of strength—drawbridge, portcullis, even the iron gate—have they opened to the enemy, false traitors that they be, and then withdrawn their own base persons by the eastern postern. Alas! that I should live to see thee in such strait, and I have no power to aid or rescue. We two be alone in the castle."

The Lady Ermengarde bore a high heart, and refrained from womanish lamentations, from shrieks and tears. She clasped the crucifix to her bosom, no longer caring whether it was hidden or no.

"May the blessed Virgin look down upon us!" was all that she said. Then, after a pause, and in a firmer voice, she added,

"Was this treachery, father, or fear?"

"A mixture, perchance, of both, fair daughter. The seneschal I have misdoubted long. He, hoary traitor, hath sold himself, body and soul, for vile lucre; and cowardice and base terror seconding the false knave's persuasions, have corrupted the rest. Oh that I could meet that Judas! Old though I be—"

"Nay, nay, kind father, grasp not thy sword! We have more need of thy rosary. The noise thickens about us, clashing of armour and trampling of steeds; sounds, such as tell of strife and struggle. Seek not to drag me hence, Father Cyril. The courts must be filled with the rude soldiery. I will rest here and abide my enemy. Pray for us both, and let not thy voice falter. Saidst thou that all had forsaken me? that of the many who filled my halls none remained to defend his poor mistress?"

"Not so!" replied a voice from the threshold, as a young man stood there, with a sword ready drawn in his hand. "You have yet left one defender, Lady of Adlersberg, beside the good father and the holy saints; and thy foes shall bestride his dead body before a hair of your fair head shall be touched."

"Whoso spake these words?" cried the Lady Ermengarde, greatly troubled, staying herself against Father Cyril, to hinder her from falling: he, also, the good father, was strangely moved; for the speech sounded to both like a voice from the grave,



and they perceived that the speaker was none other than the falconer's son, Albert of the raven locks.

The young man remained on the threshold, looking away while he spoke.

"Remember you not, Ladye of Adlersberg, that I warned you that this day might come:—Remember you not that I besought you, in the day of your bitter scorn, to take heed how you trampled upon the true heart, that never would betray or forsake you, in sorrow or in peril? Remember you not the firebrand that laid waste the cottage of your father's ancient and faithful servant, of your own foster-mother? They were dead; but not the less should their dwelling—the dwelling of their only child—have been sacred to Ermengarde of Adlersberg. And those bloodhounds, remember you not them? and how, for a whole night, they tracked, as they might have tracked a murderer or a thief, one whose only crime was his admiration of your beauty? And will you not remember, when this dark hour hath passed, that it was he, the despised, the trampled on, the outcast, who returned to share your peril, to die at your feet? For, as God is my witness, I look to leave my corpse upon these stones; too happy so to die, loveliest, and most beloved! Forgive me these my ungenerous reproaches! Thrice blessed to die for thee!"

How fared it, now, think you, with the proud Lady Ermengarde? Fain would she have made reply; fain, by words or tears, have done honour to such exceeding constancy and nobleness; but she could not speak. She could only point with her finger to the crucifix upon her bosom.

Well might the youth Albert start to see his own poor love-token so richly graced; but no time was this for discourse or dalliance. The heavy tread of armed men echoed through the castle, sounding to that poor maiden like the death-knell; whilst her bold champion bent his gaze on the stair, up which the soldiery were crowding, and, standing a little aside, drew a long breath, and manfully grasped the sword in his hand.

"Speak to him for me, Father Cyril," murmured the ladye, half dead betwixt love, and shame, and fear, "Wilt thou let him die?" And she uplifted her voice, so as to be distinctly heard by him to whom she spoke.

"I entreat thee, kind Albert, for the love of heaven, I adjure thee by this blessed cross, stay not here to peril thy life for me! Dost hear me, Albert? Rather would I die, a thousand-fold!"

But Albert answered not, unless bending to kiss that token crucifix as Ermengarde held it in her hand, and then grasping the sword with a firmer clutch, and a look of high resolve, might be held for answer.

Nearer and nearer came that heavy tread—the tread of mail-clad men, mingled with hoarse voices and clang of arms; and that poor ladye already beheld mounting the stair, host upon host of strange rough visages, gleaming fiercely under their glittering helms. She shrank, shuddering, from the sight, and closed her eyes and tried to pray, clinging closely to Father Cyril, who would fain have been safely rid of his fair burthen, that he might have borne a manful part in that fearful and unequal struggle.

Cheerily the warrior band advanced toward the gallery-chamber, as men who bring with them a sure welcome: but, as the foremost passed the arched portal, the ringing blow of a sword was followed by a low groan and the clang of armour, as one fell dead across the threshold. Then arose a fierce cry.

"Hew him down! Cleave him to the waist! Whoso dareth to bar the way of the Landgrave? Look up, bright lady, you are rescued!"

She heareth the voice, that proud ladye, she flieth to the portal; she throweth herself between her champion and his foes; she clingeth around his neck; she careth for nought but Albert; as the blood from a wound in his arm welled forth upon her white raiment. Little heeded Albert that wound; for, saved by the Landgrave's band from her rude assailants, who saw themselves enforced to flee in the very instant of that catifit seneschal's treachery; the Lady of Adlersberg cast away her pride, and, amidst tears and blushes, proclaimed her love for the falconer's son; bestowed upon him, that poor Albert, her hand and her rich domains; and caused the oaken cross, wreathed round with its garland of rare flowers, to be carved in stone on the keystone of every arch in the great gallery of Adlersberg.

#### DANISH LADIES.

THE display of beauty in the principal boxes was most dazzling. The attendance of the higher ranks, as is always the case when the royal family are present, was very numerous; and we must honestly admit, that in no part of Europe have we ever seen so many beautiful women assembled on one occasion. Oval faces and dark ringlets are not characteristics of Danish loveliness, yet even of these we saw more than we had expected. Good nature and amiability, which, after all, have much to do in influencing our judgments of beauty, beamed so generally among the fair young creatures around us, that, if the happy homes are frequent in Denmark, we shall have no more faith in our philosophy.

The high attractions of the Danish



ladies have already been adverted to. Agreeable features, softly but not tamely moulded—small, but well developed figures, aided by a carriage at once free and graceful—are qualities which amply compensate for the want of the classic features and stately forms of southern lands. Indeed, tall figures, which we had expected to find very common, are decidedly rare; the majority are of middling stature, but even such as are tall are finely proportioned. In complexion there is that happy mixture of "either rose" which the poet lauds in his mistress; though in general the aspect of ruddy health is more frequent than would please the admirers of pale beauty. Perhaps it is this prevailing freshness of tint that makes an assembly of Danish women on the whole so pleasing, even were there less of positive beauty. There is something pre-eminently feminine in their whole appearance and manner; the softness of their tones in conversation, their gentle, gliding movements, and the calmness of every gesture, make them a complete contrast to the deep-voiced, masculine beauties of Italy. Altogether, though their charms be not of that bold and striking character which at once commands homage, the unchanging gentleness now spoken of, combined with great cheerfulness, are probably, on a longer acquaintance, fully as dangerous as more showy graces.—*Excursions in Denmark, &c.*

#### THE JEWS' QUARTER AT FRANKFORT.

WE went to-day to see the Jude Gasse (Jews'-street). Few things have produced such an impression on my mind as that strange quarter of the town, and its still more strange inhabitants. In going there, we passed through a wide, clean, and well-paved street, containing those luxurious and comfortable houses which characterize Frankfort more than any other German town I have seen; where the white walls, and green blinds, and gilt balustrades, all look as scrupulously clean as if the painter and gilder had just bestowed on them the last stroke of the brush; where beautiful flowers always adorn the windows, and a glimpse into the well-kept gardens may be had through the large porte-cochères.

From this cheerful and brilliant quarter of the town we passed suddenly into a dark, gloomy, narrow street, composed of wooden houses, with projecting stories, and high gable-ends. This sounds like many of the common old towns we see, and yet nothing could be more different. Indeed, it was as if we had been transported into another hemisphere. In the first place, the carved wood was as black as if it had often

passed through the fire. Then the houses (if such a comfortable sounding name can be applied to these strange abodes) had no doors. The first floor seemed all open; and near the large, wide gap, which looked a shade darker than the structure above, stood some of those living and breathing miracles, the true descendants of Israel.

Here, in the common attitudes of everyday life, might be seen that strange people, exemplifying, in their every action, the fulfilment of prophecy. Here they are still a bye-word, a wonder; their sallow complexions and strangely marked features exactly accorded with this most original scene; and never was I so much struck by the extreme difference of their appearance from all the rest of mankind; never did I so plainly perceive the peculiarity of that "separate people" so strongly stamped in every feature and in every movement.

All, from the old woman selling apples at a common stall, to the jewelled head of a young beauty leaning out of the window above—from the man in a ragged coat, drawing a wheel-barrow, to the two usurers gravely discussing some money transaction—all seemed to belong to one family. Indeed, the members of few Christian families resemble each other so closely as the Jews do each other. The words, "Come out, and be ye separate, and marry not the daughters of the land," were plainly engraven on the countenances of all. Here, in their own home, they sought not either to disguise their names or appearances, or to imitate the habits of others.

There was something to me inexpressibly awful in thus finding myself among those living witnesses of the truth of our religion, of the fulfilment of prophecy; in seeing over the door of a common eating-house those same characters in which the commandments were inscribed, by the finger of God, on the tables of stone—in which was written the most ancient history that has been transmitted to us; in hearing from the lips of a dealer and his customer that language in which the Creator of all things, the great Jehovah, spoke to the father of his people.

In this lugubrious region, where the very smell and the atmosphere seem different from the rest of the world, old Mrs. Rothschild still lives. She is the mother of that powerful family whose very name expresses riches—who possess palaces in almost all the capitals of Europe, and hold in their hands the destiny of nations. Yet this ancient dame still resides in a house undistinguished from any of its sombre and dingy companions. It is said, the motive which induces her to do so is a superstitious one, in some way connected with the prosperity of her descendants. Poor woman! it seems rather hard, that when one of her sons pos-

sesses in this very town a residence that might excite the envy of a monarch, she should be doomed by superstition and prejudice to this gloomy abode.

It is probable, however, that the interior of the houses are better; their appearance indicates that it is still the failing or habit of that cautious people to appear wretched and mean. This part of the town is still as it existed in the fifteenth century, and is very well described in Spindler's novel of *Der Jude*.—*Lady Chatterton*.

### The Gatherr.

*The Electrical Eel* at the Royal Adelaide Gallery died on the 21st ult. It was well known to all the visitors. It had been ill for a week, but it was not until Thursday week that there was any striking difference observable. It became very inactive, and this inactivity increased to torpor. The cause of its death was mortification. It was brought to this country from one of the many tributary streams of the river of the Amazons, about forty years ago, and was the only one of its kind in Europe. Its structure was very singular. The seat of the electric power lay between the shoulder and the tail, and between the head and the shoulder. Its food was small fish, which it could stun and stupify by an electric shock, at two feet distance. It always stunned and stupified these fish before it ate them. The most interesting and beautiful experiment performed by its electricity was in setting fire to a piece of silver paper in a glass cylinder. One end of a conductor was attached to the paper and the other to the eel, and by this means the paper was burnt. It was necessary that the eel should be irritated before it would send forth electricity. It was young when brought over here, and was blind for some time before its death.

*The Gardener's Privileges*.—The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman, Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world? The reply given was as follows:—Because no man has more business on earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of the mint, and he fingers penny-royal: he raises his celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a plum. He meets with more boughs than a minister of state, he makes more beds than the King of France, and has in them more genuine roses and lilies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes raking his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find it. His wife, moreover, has enough of heart's-ease, and never wishes

for weeds. Disorders fatal to others never hurt him; he walks and bustles, and thrives most in a consumption; he can boast of more bleeding-hearts than you can, and has more laurels than the Duke of Wellington; but his greatest pride, and the greatest envy of his companions, is, that he can have yew when he pleases.—*Evening paper*.

*Extraordinary Sagacity of a Shetland Pony*.—One day lately, when Mr. Shirreff, Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney, was returning in his drosky to Kirkwall from Rendall, where he had been on business, accompanied by his son, who rode a small Shetland pony, Mr. Shirreff was alarmed by the cries of his son. Upon looking back, he saw a large dog take hold of his son, a young boy about nine years of age, by the collar of his coat, and pull him off the pony's back, when little Trip (the Shetland pony) instantly seized hold of the dog by the neck with his mouth, kicked, bit, and shook him so severely, that he ran away howling. Mr. S., it is said, would not part with Trip for any consideration, he is so docile and attached to his young family, and they to him.—*John o' Groat's Journal*.

*Vegetation Extraordinary*.—The *Courrier de la Gironde* asserts that about eighteen months ago a young man in eating an apple got one of the pips fixed in a decayed tooth, which occasioned him great pain, and was totally unable to be extracted, notwithstanding the use of all manner of toothpicks. At length the pip, by dint of pushing, was driven down below the tooth into the gum, and no more pain was felt. Six weeks ago, however, a swelling was perceived in the gum, and ultimately an abscess was formed; the medical men examined it, and found that the pip had begun to germinate. "The young man," adds the *Courrier*, "is in the habit of keeping cotton wool in his teeth, and this is supposed to have hastened vegetation. This remarkable phenomenon is still in his mouth."

*Theatrical Attraction*.—In a little town in Germany, the directors of the theatre, seeking to draw a house, advertised that in a melo-drama, which was to be performed, they would exhibit the head of a noted robber; and in order to effect this, one of the actors was placed in such a manner that the head alone was exhibited upon a table; but a wag, willing to have a laugh at the expense of the manager, silly placed a small quantity of snuff in such a manner that it came in contact with the nose of the reputed robber, and caused it to burst into a violent fit of sneezing, to the great amusement of the audience.

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